

# The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &amp;c.

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## ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special notices in local column 15 cents per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till for and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

## FOR PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch

Terms Cash.

## REQUISITES FOR A NEWSPAPER MAN.

—The venerable Curtis Guild, of the Boston Commercial Bulletin, lately made a little speech to an assemblage of Press men, in which he said:

What, then, some one may inquire, are the requisites for the newspaper business? An answer to this suggests itself to my mind in a reply in somewhat powerful terms, I will admit, that I made to a pale, hollow-chested young man of twenty-two or three who once waited upon me with an inquiry of a similar nature. He had a few thousand dollars, and had just graduated from college and wanted to join with somebody to "start a paper!" Start a paper! This is thought by almost every one outside the business one of the easiest and pleasantest things in the world to do—and so it is if you have plenty of money to start with; but it is not the starting, but the keeping of it going at a profit, that calls for brains. I recall now the reply, prompted by a day's severe and exhausting work, when, after listening as patiently as possible, to the young man's crude notions respecting a business in which he had no experience, he begged I would tell him in as few words as possible the qualifications necessary to prosecute the business successfully. He was somewhat startled by the assertion that they were as follows:

A brain as flexible and elastic as steel.  
A memory as tenacious as iron.  
A temper even as that of a saint.  
A digestion equal to that of an ostrich.  
And the endurance of adamant.

A man went to the theater for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act, an engine in the basement exploded and he was blown through the roof, coming down in the next street. After coming to his senses he asked: "And what piece do you play next?"

An elderly dandy who was more noted for running in debt than for paying his tradesmen, made an exception in favor of his wigmaker that he might be enabled to say that he wore his own hair.

A lady gave recently the following opinion of a nice young man according to her own thinking: "Oh, I think he'd make an excellent stranger—one that you'd never become acquainted with, you know."

During the last four years the imports of Canada have exceeded the exports by \$140,000,000, and under the confederation the debt has increased \$53,000,000.

To write a good love letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.

Don't look too hard, except for something agreeable. We can find all the disagreeable things in the world between our own hats and boots.

Sarcastic Slush—Young swell: "I should like to have my moustache dyed." Polite barber: "Certainly. Did you bring it with you?"

The salmon put into the Connecticut river two years ago are now from four to six inches long.

That man is at heart a coward who seeks to humiliate his wife before her guests or company.

When men publish their acts of charity they doubt the ability of the Lord to keep account.

Of the 226 Protestant churches built in Chicago since 1831, 197 are still standing.

To worry over what we do not understand is no mark of greatness.

Next to a diary the most difficult thing to keep is a lead pencil.

Build up the weak and all will be strong.

The fewer our wants the greater our happiness.

The early bird catches a bad cold.

## WANTED A FARM.

A Detroit real estate agent was waited on by a tall man with a weed in his hat, who said he had the cash to pay for a farm, provided he could get one to suit. The agent smiled him to a seat, and brought out his register of descriptions. He had several farms registered on his books, and he had no doubt that he could suit the would-be purchaser. The stranger remarked:

"What I want is a farm of about three hundred acres."

"I've got it," replied the dealer. "I'd like about six big hills on it."

"Here she is—here's a farm, with exactly six hills on it."

"I want a lake exactly in the center of the farm."

"Here you are. Here is a farm with a lake exactly in the center."

"And I want a big natural cavern in one of the hills."

"Here you are. There's a cave on this farm that can't be beat."

The stranger drew a long breath and went on:

"I want a farm of three hundred acres, but one hundred acres must be marsh land."

"Here she is," was the ready reply. "Just three hundred acres in the farm, and just one hundred in marsh land."

"I must have a waterfall twenty-six feet high on the farm," continued the stranger.

"Here you are. This farm has a natural waterfall of twenty-five feet and eleven inches. I don't suppose an inch more or less, on a waterfall amounts to much."

"Well, no, but I want a windmill on one of the hills."

"That was put up last year," was the calm reply.

It was sometime before the stranger thought of anything else, but finally said:

"There must be a church right across the road from the house."

"One built there last summer, sir."

"It must be a brick church."

"So it is."

"Has it an organ?"

"It has."

"Then I can't buy the farm of you," said the stranger rising to go. "If there is anything I hate, it is a church organ, and you can see for yourself that I would be in a state of continual misery. The farm suits me first-rate, but I can't go that organ."

Just what estimate those two men placed upon each other's veracity as they separated will never be known.

## KISSING JUDGE SETTLE.

The day Vance got here Aunt Abby House called at the Yarbrow and said she was bound to see him. It happened that Vance and Settle were both in their rooms, Vance in No. 8 and Settle in No. 9. The clerk tried to stave off the old woman and told her Vance was then asleep and didn't want to be disturbed. But she would listen to no reason:

"I'm bound to see that boy," she said, and climbed the steps with her stick.

The floor boy pointed her the way and she mistook No. 9 for the room.

She opened the door softly and the curtains were let down, the blinds closed, and the room dark as night, and there lay Judge Settle, stretched out, taking a comfortable nap.

Aunt Abby threw her arms around him and gave him a smack.

The Judge sprang up and looked wild, and Aunt Abby staggered back exclaiming:

"Why this ain't Vance! This is you, Tom." She looked at him steadily a few seconds, and said, making for the washstand, "I like you right smart, Tom; but I'm obliged to wash my mouth after kissing a radical." This was the first salute of the campaign at Raleigh.—News.

Mrs. Carnoy, living on the farm of George Glascock, Breckenridge County, Ky., has a child five years of age that is boneless. It is well developed in every particular, and its limbs can be bent in a circular form or tied in a knot.

## HOLD ON.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly or use an improper word.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, or shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your name at all times, for it is more value to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is even bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while you have the most precious of all gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows.

Often do I sigh in my tribulations with the dark, unceraring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender untrifling voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; and still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

BE MANLY.—Never try to keep out of a man's way when you are owing him anything, unless it is a thrashing. It is bad enough, in all conscience, to be in debt, but do not make your condition worse by growing meaner under its pressure. When you absolutely cannot pay up at the appointed time, don't make him think you are sick. Don't skulk about in any street to avoid meeting your creditor; don't go around the first corner when you catch sight of him before he has seen you. All such conduct is unmanly. No doubt you are averse to standing face to face with a man to whom you are a debtor, pay-day past and you are a debtor still—it is mortifying, very, but it is only one of the natural consequences of borrowing, and as you have incurred the penalty, why meet it like a man. Face your creditor, let him know that you neither forget the debt or underrate his patience with you. Say frankly that you are very sorry to see him out of your money, and that you will pay him as fast and as soon as you can.

If a cat doth meet a cat on a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, oh, why need they squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby waiting on the wall, and yet he welcomes her approach by an unceraring yowl. And if a kitten wish to court upon the garden wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile, and not sit up the bawl, and lift his precious back up high and show his teeth and moan, as if 'twere colic more than love that made that fellow groan?

We can better and more safely do without eating for a week than have no sleep for three or four days.

Politeness of mind consists in thinking chaste and refined thoughts

## THOUGHTS FOR SATURDAY NIGHT.

Perfect scheming demands omniscience.

The wife makes the home, and the home makes the man.

It's easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

Nothing is difficult; it is only we who are indolent.

We saints their own carvers, they would soon cut their own fingers.

Young authors give their brains much exercise and little food.

Everybody laughs at a monkey, but nobody respects them.

Renunciation remains sorrow, though a sorrow borne willingly.

Animals are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

Blows are sarcasms turned stupid; wit is a form of force that leaves the limbs at rest.

A desire to say things which no one else said makes some people say things nobody ought to say.

In a mist the heights can, for the most part, see each other; but the valleys cannot.

The first proof of a man's incapacity for anything is his endeavor to fix the stigma of failure upon others.

Perfect love has a breath of poetry, which can exalt the relations of the least instructed human beings.

If we were obliged to pay to enter into life how many of us would demand the return of our money on departing.

Our love is wrought in our enthusiasm as electricity is wrought in the air, exalting its power by a subtle presence.

To sneer and denounce is a very easy way of assuming a great deal of wisdom and concealing a great deal of ignorance.

PUNCTUALITY IN ALL THINGS.—It is astonishing how many people there are who neglect punctuality. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but it is the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes the victim of it gets involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time; it saps the business reputation of the lawyer, and it injures the prospects of mechanics who might otherwise rise to fortune; in a word, there is not a profession, nor situation in life, which is not liable to the canker of this destructive habit.

In mercantile affairs, punctuality is as important as in military. Many are the instances in which the neglect to renew an insurance punctually has led to a serious loss.

Hundreds of city merchants are now suffering in consequence of the want of punctuality among their Western customers in paying up accounts. With sound policy do the banks insist, under the penalty of a protest, on the punctual payment of notes; for were they to do otherwise, commercial transactions would fall into inextricable confusion. Many and many a time has the failure of one man to meet his obligations brought on the ruin of a score of others, just as the toppling down, in a line of bricks, the master brick causes the fall of all the rest.

Perhaps there is no class of men less punctual than mechanics. Do you want an upholster? He rarely comes when he agrees. So with carpenters, painters and nearly all others. Tailors and shoemakers often do not have their articles home in time. The consequence is that thousands remain poor all their lives, who, if they were more faithful to their word, would secure a large run of custom, and so make their fortunes. Be punctual, if you would succeed.

A boy in a Sunday school proposed a question to be answered the following Sunday: "How many letters does the Bible contain?" The answer was three millions, five hundred and thirty-three, three hundred and thirty-three. The superintendent says to James: "Is that right?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Will you please tell us how many there are, then?" "Twenty-six, sir."

When the Declaration of Independence was signed, there were only two steam-engines, of the crudest design, in the United States.

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## Miscellaneous.

## PROPER CLOTHING FOR THE FEET.

A cold is looked upon as of little or no consequence; but often a cold, carelessly taken, settles upon the lungs and ends in consumption.

There is no more prolific source of colds than insufficient or improper clothing for the feet, especially in cold and inclement weather.

India Rubber is impervious to the wet but it can only be worn by most persons a little while at a time without experiencing unpleasant effects from it. It confines the insensible perspiration, producing moisture and a cold, disagreeable sensation, and often causing headache.

Leather is the material which must be mainly depended upon for protection of the feet, and about the most essential thing is thick soles, of the best leather. In wet weather they are indispensable, and even when the ground and sidewalks are dry in cold weather the cold strikes instantly through thin soles—or, to speak more scientifically, the heat is instantly conducted out of the feet—and severely anything can be more detrimental to health. Wear thick soles, therefore, always in winter, whether the weather be wet or dry.

The old-fashioned notion was that thick woolen stockings were requisite to keep the feet warm in winter, and the grand-faiths of a former generation, before the inventions of machinery for the manufacture of almost everything had been made, would hardly indulge in ten minutes social chat without, at the same time keeping their fingers in motion with the knitting needles, so important did they deem it to keep the family well supplied with warm socks. But this is found to have been a mistake. Thin cotton socks at least, for men—are often to be much warmer than thick woolen ones. The woolen socks cause the feet to perspire, and as the moisture cools they become chilled. Persons who have suffered from cold feet as long as they were woolen stockings, have ceased to complain as soon as they have changed them for cotton.

THE WORTH OF A DOLLAR.—A farmer came into our office on Monday and paid us a dollar on subscription, and we observed that it was the same old ragged dollar that we had received from another person on the day before. So we put a detective on the back track of the dollar to see what it had been doing since Saturday.

We remembered having paid it out to a printer, and learned through the detective that he had paid it out for board; the hash house market-woman had paid it to a butcher for beef; the butcher had paid it to a farmer as part pay on a fat steer; the farmer had paid it to a merchant for a calico dress; the merchant had deposited it in a bank; the bank had paid it out on a check drawn by another merchant to pay a teamster for hauling goods; the teamster had paid it to a miller for a sack of flour; the miller had paid it to a farmer on a load of wheat; the farmer had paid it to a book store for school books; the book store had paid it to a grocer for sugar and coffee; the grocer had paid it to a farmer for butter and eggs, and the farmer who last received it, paid it to us on subscription as above stated.

Thus we see the work of one dollar had paid thirteen dollars of debts between Saturday night and Monday afternoon, without a cent of silver or gold to back it. In the proper understanding of the work of this dollar lies the secret of prosperity. Keep your money moving and there will be no hard time and no more panics.

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## Poetry.

## "MOTHER IS ILL."

The mother is ill to-day—  
The mother so merry and sweet,  
Who has such a wonderful way  
Of keeping the kitchen neat.

Of putting things into place,  
And dropping a pleasant word,  
With a smile on her sunny face,  
And a voice like the song of a bird.

Father has done for them all  
The very best that he can;  
Passed the burdens smooth,  
With the clumsy touch of a man.

Carried the baby about,  
And stirred the porridge in haste,  
And the children have no doubt  
He will give them each a taste.

Today is a sad day,  
And what can be half so good,  
Is the thought of each little one,  
As the baby's sweetened food?

The very chickens and cat  
A change in the household know,  
And the turkey looks a star  
And says "I told you so!"

Well, vacation days  
To the mother seldom come;  
Her husband's tender prais  
Is the crown of her happy home.

He smoothed her tangled hair  
And touched her aching brow  
With a lover's gentle care  
And fondled art but now.

While he bade her lie and rest—  
"He would keep the baby still,  
Hold close to his patient breast,  
All day when mother was ill."

## Selected Story.

## A ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

## THE TERRIBLE REVENGE OF A CORSIKIAN WOMAN.

In the early part of the fourteenth century the island of Corsica was a bone of contention between the maritime republic of Savoy, the duchy of Savoy and the kingdom of France. The latter, at that time, was ruled by the chivalrous Francis the First, one of the most remarkable characters in history.

His ambition was only equalled by his reckless audacity, and he alone, of all the princes of his time, ventured to break a lance with the powerful Emperor Charles the Fifth, who so disastrously defeated him at Pavia in 1521.

In the preceding year King Francis had a quarrel with his wife, who had reproached him for his infidelities. One day, maddened by her taunts, he said to his valet, Gavini, a Corsican:

"Ah! I must get rid of her majesty. Her temper is too bad. I am sure that the Holy Father will grant me a divorce from her. But where shall I find a new wife?"

"Your majesty has only to choose among the most beautiful princesses of Europe," said Gavini.

"But there is not a single beautiful princess in Europe," rejoined the king, almost angrily. "Amelia of Savoy is the only one that is not absolutely homely, and I hate her father so bitterly that I should be reluctant to enter into a union with any member of his family."

"If your majesty will permit me," said the wily Corsican, "I could tell you of a lady with royal blood in her veins, who is young and handsome enough to grace the throne of France by your side."

"Who is she?" asked the king, eagerly.

"She is the Marchioness Isolena Della Ballo."

"I never heard of her."

"She is the richest woman in Corsica, where her ancestors, since time immemorial, have owned most of the real estate, and where they have been more powerful than the real rulers of the island ever were. Her grandmother was a niece of the Emperor Maximilian; and she is the last of her race, your majesty."

"The last of her race, Gavini, and still unmarried?"

"Your majesty, there is a strange tale to this," replied Gavini. "About seven years ago the marchioness, with her aged father, was having a boat ride off Ajaccio. A thunder storm sprang up, and the frail bark was in danger of capsizing. The old marquis was frightened to death.

"Pray, my child," he cried, in his terror, "pray to her who alone can save us. Pray to her, and promise to remain a virgin, unless

a king should come to solicit your hand?"

"Isolena, took that pledge, and now she is mistress of immense estates, and one of the most beautiful women in the world."

The king, who acted as if he had already got rid of his legitimate wife, had by this time become deeply interested in the subject.

"Gavini," he said, "how does this marchioness look?"

"Your majesty, I have truly never seen a face worthier to adorn a throne than she. She is the fairest daughter whom Italy, the land of pretty women, ever gave birth to. Tall, slender, majestic, with a complexion of marble, and features which Phidias would have gladly chiseled in stone, she has on her ripe lips the tempting smile of Cupid, and in her black eyes all the fire of the goddess of love."

"I should like to make her acquaintance; but that has to be done in a very discreet manner."

After hemming and hawing for a long while, Gavini suggested that he himself might go to Corsica, and make overtures to the beautiful marchioness.

The king eagerly embraced this offer.

"You shall go, Gavini," he cried. "Go to Montepas, my treasurer, and draw as many livres in gold as you need."

"But your majesty," said the valet, "money is not sufficient for such a mission. I ought to have to that end also."

"What?"

"A position."

"What position?"

"I ought to be clothed with the rank of a minister, your majesty."

The king looked at his valet for a minute without saying anything. Then he burst into laughter.

"Gavini," he exclaimed, "you are the most impudent rascal I ever saw. But your idea is a good one. Yes, you shall for once go as my envoy to Corsica. Prevail upon the marchioness, whose charms you extol so enthusiastically, to come to Paris, and I shall reward you right royally."

On the following day Gavini, to whom royal credentials had been given, to the dismay of the king's minister of state, set out for Corsica. He had a large retinue of servants, and was in perfect keeping with the exalted position to which his master had so suddenly arisen.

In the course of